UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

In Memoriam: Levi M. Powers

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"Brotherly Love (!)"

By EDWARD A. LEWIS

New Books

By FREDERICK STARR

VOLUME LXXXVI NUMBER 17

Chicago, January 13, 1921

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

$3.00 PER ANNUM.

ESTABLISHED 1878

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices

EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE
Pamphlet Mission
FOR
FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER
IN
RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:
Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Frances L. Roberts, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
Frank C. Doan
Charles F. Dole
James Waldo Fawcett
Zona Gale
Emil G. Hirsch
Chester Lloyd Jones
David Starr Jordan
George Grover Mills
Susan M. Quackenbush
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
Albert R. Vail
Arthur L. Weatherly
James H. West

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

Sample Copies of UNITY Sent Upon Request

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. *and* Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

Contents:

EDITORIAL—
Notes.—J. H. H. 259
In Memoriam—Levi M. Powers.—John Haynes Holmes 261

THE PULPIT—
What God Means to Me (Concluded).—John Haynes Holmes 264

CONTRIBUTED—
"Brotherly Love(!)."—Edward A. Lewis..... 267
Our Duty to Russia.—Arthur L. Weatherly..... 267
A Sentiment on Armament.—James Waldo Fawcet..... 268

SELECTED—
Disarmament 268

POETRY—
Outlasting.—*Mary J. O'Neill*..... 259
The Vanished Years.—*Jeannette Marks*..... 263
The New Eden.—Thomas Curtis Clark..... 268
Jean Francois Millet.—*Florence Earle Coates*..... 269
Two Little Boys.—*Walter Westley*..... 271

THE STUDY TABLE—
New Books.—Frederick Starr..... 270

THE FIELD—
Lectures by Unity's Editors..... 271
Ethical Culture Sunday Evening Course..... 272

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVI THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1921 NUMBER 17

OUTLASTING

I have known men bereft of all they had;
I have seen women stript of trinkets rare;
A thousand towns may fall, their streets be sad,
Their fame be echoless upon the air.
But I have never known a dream to die,
And I have dressed in dreams for many years,
And I have seen around me careless lie
Their careless trinketry as bright as tears.

For only the Impossible is true,
And only the Improbable can stand;
At last the Long Uncertainty will do,
And I have found it so in every land.
I counted on a heart to find it clay . . .
But I live by the dream of it today.

The Sonnet. —*Mary J. O'Neill.*

Under the heading "Human Gains and Losses for the Year," the New York *Times* for Sunday, January 2nd, lists "the dead in 1920." We assume from this description of the situation, that the *Times* would have us believe that while some of those dead are to be counted as "gains," some of them as "losses." It seems to us rather shocking, especially at such an early moment, to suggest that the world is better off because certain men went to their reward last year, but we are inclined to believe that the suggestion is sound even though a bit unkind. Here, for example, in this list of "dead in 1920," we see the name of John F. A'Hearn, Tammany politician! Surely New York City must register a gain in the passing of this man. Here also is Lord Fisher, dead on July 10th, as dangerous a militarist as ever walked the bridge of a warship! The world certainly gains when the malevolent genius of such a man is no longer at work. The assassination of Essad Pasha can wring few tears from those who seek peace and pursue it. Other men and women whom we are distinctly glad to have out of the world, we will not name, since they possessed certain excellent private qualities and held the affection of many friends and kindred. We are glad to emphasize, however, in the name of decent honesty, that death serves well the interests of progress, enlightenment and human freedom, when it sweeps from the field of life, like figures from the chess-board, the men and women who do evil and not good. There is no church, no college, no city, no nation, which would not today be immeasurably helped by some really first-class funerals. We have long rejoiced in the refreshing tale narrated of President Grover Cleveland by his intimate friend and counsellor, Commodore Benedict. It seems that during Cleveland's first administration, there was a certain Judge A. whose cruel sentences were a constant source of aggravation to, and occasion of interference by, the President. One day, as the Commodore was coming through the White House grounds, he saw the President running excitedly toward him with an expansive smile upon his lips, waving a telegram and shouting with joy, "Judge A. is dead! Judge A. is dead!" We see no reason why the President should not have rejoiced at the removal of this man from the bench by the hand of death. We similarly see no reason why we should not always honestly rejoice when men corrupt, cruel or benighted, disappear into their graves.

The losses among the "dead in 1920" are somewhat fewer in number and importance than for some years past. Among authors are to be found such names as Mrs. Humphry Ward, in England, Olive Shreiner, in South Africa, and William Dean Howells, here in America. The ministry loses such leaders as Bishop Vincent, founder of the Chautauqua Assembly, Bishop Burch, so recently dead in the New York diocese, and Dr. Corbett, the famous Presbyterian missionary in China. The stage mourns Madame Rejane and James O'Neil; and music, Maud Powell, the violinist, and Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood." Jacob H. Schiff was one of the greatest of American financiers and philanthropists; Wilhelm Wundt, a philosopher of international repute; James H. Hyslop, distinctive for his activities in the field of psychical research; and John Reed, known and beloved wherever adventure still wins the human heart. Most famous among all these "dead in 1920" was undoubtedly the Empress Eugenie, most useful, Gen. William C. Gorgas; surest of immortality, Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole (April 6, 1909). To each of these, *requiescat in pace!*

It is welcome news that the British Labor Party is at last waking up on the Irish question. Perhaps we have been unfair in our strictures on the Party for its inactivity in the past. A private letter, just received from a distinguished labor leader in England, states that Sinn Fein is partly responsible, since it has "actually told us to mind our own business and let them manage their own affairs." Further-

more, as this letter puts it, "there has been a feud for some time between the British Labor Party and the Irish Labor Party." Now, however, there has come a sudden and gratifying change in the situation. The British Labor delegation, which visited Ireland after the burning of Cork, has published a report which places the blame for the Irish situation squarely where it belongs—on the Lloyd-George government. A great conference, attended by delegates from all parts of the country, is to be held on January 29th, to receive and act upon this report. Lastly, a four weeks' intensive campaign is being planned, with the object of arousing the British conscience on the enormities of the government policy across the Channel. All this sounds at last like business! The British Labor Party has it in its power to do for Ireland what it did for Russia. If it so acts, it will be serving liberty, and at the same time vindicating itself afresh as the hope of England and of the world.

In spite of our sympathy for Ireland and our desire for her emancipation from English rule, we cannot refrain from noting the damage that she has done her cause by resorting to violence. In the letter from England, quoted above, it is stated that the task of arousing the British conscience on the Irish question will be a "terrible" one, for "the simple fact remains that public opinion in general, including labor opinion, is at present behind the government in its policy." How can such a thing be? Our correspondent reveals the truth of the matter in the statement that "the murder of officers by Sinn Feiners has closed many ears not unwilling to listen before that dire event took place." Sinn Fein never did a madder thing than when it abandoned passive for active resistance as its policy against England. Had it been willing, patiently and heroically, to endure all things for its cause—to establish and maintain its own government, and pay the price without striking back—it would have rallied to its support, long ere this, a vast body of free public opinion in England which would have sooner or later overthrown the Lloyd-George government on this specific issue, and thus opened the door for a just settlement. By resorting to violence, the Sinn Feiners have adopted a policy which cannot under any conceivable circumstances achieve independence, and has successfully alienated all their friends and champions in Britain. It is no answer to this charge to say that the Irish had provocation to violence. They certainly had! But so much the stronger was their position as victims and martyrs of oppression. Their very injuries were their most potent weapons. Had they but been wise enough to let England do all the burning and slaying, a world would have rallied to them, as to the Belgians, and freedom would now be near at hand instead of far away. It is a crime for the strong to use force against the weak; it is insanity for the weak to use force against the strong!

Some few days ago, there was found on the streets of New York, at four o'clock in the morning, the murdered body of Monk Eastman, notorious gangster and gunman. In surveying his almost unexampled record of lawlessness and crime, the New York *Times*, referring particularly to his highly creditable service during the War as a U. S. soldier in France, makes the truly amazing observation, that "with the War there came a chance for *the legitimate employment of Eastman's abilities and energies*"! We don't know when we have seen a more naive confession of the essential nature of war than this. What were Eastman's "abilities and energies." An almost unparalleled audacity and skill in organizing, controlling and directing groups of men for burglary, highway robbery, violence and murder! "Peace deprived Eastman," says the *Times*, of a decent opportunity to use these extraordinary capacities legitimately. But with the coming of the War, he was given "a chance for (their) legitimate employment. . . . To his credit, be it said, he saw the chance and seized it promptly." The truth could not be better put. What is war? It is the deliberate creating of a social situation in which a criminal is given legitimate opportunity to commit burglary, arson and murder. More simply, it is a world in which Monk Eastmans are made not outlaws but heroes!

Major Moton's annual report on lynching in the United States is the most encouraging which has been published in several years. The most impressive fact which is noted in his statement is that in no less than 56 instances, during the year just past, threatened lynchings were prevented by the determined and heroic action of officers of the law. Ten of these instances of the defeat of mob violence were in northern states, and 46 in southern states. In 42 cases the prisoners were removed to other places, guards augmented, or other definite precautions taken; in 14, armed force was used to repel the would-be lynchers; in 4, the mobs were fired upon and thus dispersed. The number of lynchings perpetrated in 1920, namely 61, in all, is also encouraging, inasmuch as it is 22 less than the total (83) for the year 1919. Of these 61 victims of mob murder, 53 were blacks and 8 whites; one was a negro woman; 3 were burned at the stake. No less than 8 of these lynchings occurred in so-called northern states, namely, California (3), Kansas (1), Illinois (1), and Minnesota (3). We have spoken of this report as encouraging, and yet from the standpoint of the larger implications of the situation, what encouragement can be found in the awful fact that 61 persons were done to death

in this country, in a single year, by mob violence, with the frequent accompaniment of the most fiendish cruelty and torture? Once every six days a citizen of the United States was burned, hanged, shot, or otherwise put to death, without due process of law! So long as there is one person who thus suffers such injustice, the nation stands disgraced before the world. The movement for a federal law against the crime of lynching is pressing, and should have the support of every enlightened citizen, north and south alike.

Alarming facts are coming to us from England in regard to the effect of the war on the English churches. The *Sunday School Chronicle* states that in the year just past, the Sunday Schools of the Anglican churches have lost 7,741 teachers and 103,406 scholars. It reports that the Free churches, while they have gained 20,160 scholars, have lost 1,661 teachers. A comparison over a wider space of time reveals a still more amazing situation, and wipes out the last vestige of a hopeful sign. Thus, comparing present figures with those of 1914, the *Chronicle* states that, since the outbreak of the war, the Church of England has lost 39,845 teachers and 630,669 scholars, while the Free churches have lost 41,156 teachers and 284,519 scholars. We confess that we never imagined that there were as many teachers and scholars as this in all the churches of England put together; and we cannot help wondering what kind of an enrollment is left in these churches today! Apart from all such speculations, we face the gruesome fact that, in a period of six years, nearly one million children and more than eighty thousand teachers have been definitely withdrawn from association with organized churches. The *Chronicle,* like a boy in a graveyard who has just seen a ghost, whistles valiantly to keep up its courage. Thus it states that "reports during recent months show substantial increases." But are these increases genuine? To us these figures constitute only one more little item added to the ever growing demonstration of the collapse of Protestantism. Some time ministers and religious journals will be honest or clear-visioned enough to acknowledge the existence of this fact, and meet it as it should be met by a great movement of reform on new lines of spiritual progress. Then we shall have "substantial increases" which really mean something.

The recent production in New York City of St. John Ervine's play, "Mixed Marriage," once again brings to public attention the supreme gifts as a dramatist of this great Irishman and at the same time the deplorable conditions now prevailing in the theatrical world. It would seem as though every first class theatre in the land would be thrown open to any play by the author of "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg", but "Mixed Marriage" has had to be produced in a little out of the way theatre by an informal company of theatrical adventurers. So ignorant of æsthetic values in the drama are our modern theatrical managers that forty-six first-class houses occupied most of them by plays which are a hopeless confusion of futility and vulgarity offered not a single home to this great drama. St. John Ervine is in many ways perhaps our greatest living dramatist. As a literary figure, he does not stand as high as either George Bernard Shaw or John Galsworthy, but two at least of his plays—as plays—surpass anything that have been written by either of these two outstanding figures in the world of modern English letters. "Jane Clegg" ranks with the greatest plays of Ibsen; "John Ferguson" can be compared with nothing less than the tragedies of Aeschylus. It means something to be living in a time which witnesses the activity of such a genius.

In Memoriam:

LEVI M. POWERS

Dear Mr. Holmes:

Word has just come to me of the sudden death of Levi M. Powers of Washington. Cannot you through UNITY say a few words of appreciation for his life work, to please us who love him so much and owe him so much? Of course there will be resolutions, and even eulogies from the pens of those who never understood his great heart, from those who in life dared not debate with him, but covertly opposed him. In life he never sought popularity with them, in death he does not need it. The Universalist church has lost its greatest scholar and prophet. The heroic soul of Dr. Powers brought young men into the ministry that they might fight for social justice under his guidance and inspiration; his unfaltering courage and faith against tremendous odds have been the strength that has held them to their pulpits in the face of defeats. What there is in the Universalist church of liberalism and vision we owe to him. To whom shall we younger men go for inspiration in times of darkness? To whom shall we turn for counsel when our hearts are sick from failure?

The death of Levi M. Powers, minister of the Church of Our Father in Washington, D. C., has moved me as deeply, and stricken me with as sore a sense of irreparable loss, as the gallant young Universalist minister, whose letter to me I have printed as a kind of text for this brief and hopelessly inadequate "in memoriam" editorial. During the past ten years or more, Mr. Powers was one of my dearest friends and colleagues. Only a few weeks ago I preached Sunday morning and evening in his pulpit in the capital city of the nation, and spent long and happy hours with him in his home. I saw him last in the railroad station, whither he had accompanied me to bid me farewell on my return journey to New York. The last thing I did that night, before snuggling down into my berth, was to examine and caress a handsome book which he had snatched from his library shelves and given me in memory of this visit and in token of our comradeship. Now comes this news of his sudden death—and I feel for the moment as one

alone and very far from home. Dear friend, where are you—or where can I find your like again?

Mr. Powers' career is not known to me in its detail. When first I met him, in the days when the movement for social justice was catching the imagination and loyalty of the younger men in the Christian ministry, he was preaching in the Universalist Church in Haverhill, Mass. A bit older than the rest of us, and long since aflame with the fire which had just now caught our souls, he came with ardent sympathy to our support, and gave us counsel and assurance. In Haverhill he was known as one who understood the labor problem, and was not afraid to grapple with it; and as one who loved the common people, and was not averse to espousing their cause. Everybody in Haverhill knew where Mr. Powers stood on the questions that vexed the life of that busy industrial town; and everybody, bitter foe or devoted friend, bore living witness to the character of this man's prophetic mission. When he shook off the dust of this city from his feet, there was none who did not know that a disciple of the Nazarene had been among them, "to search out who in it (was) worthy."

From Haverhill, Dr. Powers went to Gloucester, Mass., as minister of the local Universalist Church. It was here that he met, with dauntless and unshaken soul, the furious onslaught of the war hysteria which still rends us like possessive devils. Not once, in all that awful time, did he lose his sanity, compromise his convictions—or hold his tongue! He bowed his head to no commands of hate, prostituted his character and his religion to the success of no fell business of murder and devastation. Single-handed he fought the good fight for the liberty of thought and speech that is in the Constitution, for the brotherhood of man that is in Christ, for the universal and unquenchable love that is in God. He was a true prophet in days when prophets were without honor in their own country, or anywhere else; and he complained not, nor was afraid.

From Gloucester he was called to Washington; and here, a single year after his coming, he fell at his post of duty. This was to be his last job, so he told me. He was going to fulfill himself in this church if possible—make it a place where all free and forward-looking men could come, take counsel together, and battle in serried ranks for the Kingdom. In a faithless and cowardly age, he would vindicate the religion of Christ at this one altar, at least; show that it is still possible for a church to serve mankind. Then, with this task done, he would withdraw for a few last years of rest from labor, to enjoy books and nature and friends. But his dream was ended, almost before it began. His plow, driven deep into the soil of Washington, as I discovered when I was there, had only begun to turn the furrow. And now it lies motionless, beneath his nerveless hand!

Mr. Powers was the most honest man I ever knew. He wore his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at, if they would, but primarily for men to see and thus make no mistake. It was impossible for anybody not to know where he stood, and what he thought, on all questions. To think a thing, with him, was to speak it; to believe a thing, was to do it. He could no more determine his words and actions by calculation of their effects, than he could walk on his hands. In his frankness, his utter independence of conventional opinions and customs, his stark nakedness of self-reliance, there was something at first shocking; then funny, as the unexpected and incongruous is inevitably funny; then positively sublime, as an utterly natural and unspoiled child is always sublime. To know him, to be with him, was to feel oneself suddenly made ashamed of the petty insincerities and concealments which so many of us put on, as a swimmer greases his body, to help us through the buffeting tides of life. This man was *himself*, whatever the cost to himself or others.

It was this essential inner fidelity which made him such a hater of shams and insincerities in other men. To him, as to Jesus, hypocrisy was the first and greatest of all sins. His wrath against selfish politicians and patriots, greedy exploiters of the poor and weak, aristocrats and snobs of every breed, the contented, the narrow-minded, the pious, the respectable and the sanctimonious, was as terrible as the wrath of the Nazarene against the Pharisees and the publicans. He knew what to do with open wickedness; but not with the wickedness camouflaged with the pretense of virtue, save to expose it, and blister it with the fury of his contempt. Bad men hated Powers, timid men feared him; but good men loved him, as David Jonathan, with a love that surpassed the love of woman.

This unflinching honesty, often expressed in blunt speech and harsh exposure of deceit, laid Mr. Powers open to the charge of intolerance. I have heard him spoken of as hard and unfeeling. Such accusation would be funny if it were not so false. Like all true men, Levi M. Powers had a heart as big as the universe, and as sensitive as a child's. It was just because he loved so deeply, widely and tenderly, that his soul, lacerated by the sight of wrong, broke forth in utterances of tortured anger. He was a lover of men, if ever there was one—a brother to all members of the human family. The woes of the poor, the struggles of the laboring classes, the horrors of war—all these were his, because they touched humanity, and he felt them as though in his own flesh and spirit. It would take columns of this issue of UNITY to describe the "little acts of kindness and of love" which were as much a part of his daily life as breathing. There must be thousands of ob-

scure men and women who remember this man for favors done them by Dr. Powers at cost of time and strength. It was his sense of the inadequacy of the most that he could do to bring solace and relief even to those to whom he gave his hand and heart, that moved him, as every intelligent descendant of Bunyan's Greatheart is sooner or later moved, to espousal of the social movement. In politics and economics, as little as in religion, was he a sectarian; but he was always in the van, serving every radical cause which promised deliverance and therefore more abundant life to humankind. This man "loved much" and therefore was much loved!

Dr. Powers was little of a churchman. He was too simple for that! The dress, the speech, the postures of the profession, even the conventions of the pulpit, to which some of the best men learn to conform, were all as alien to his practice at the end of his career as at the beginning. Such artificialities were not for him. I suppose that a casual stranger would never in the wildest stretches of his imagination have guessed Mr. Powers to be a clergyman. And yet, in all things basic, he was to the heart's core a minister of the church; and he brought more strength to the church, more public respect for its functions and ideals, in a single year of his activity, than most ministers are able to forfeit in a lifetime. It is this which explains his influence over young men, his persuasion which brought so many of them to the ministry. They discovered in him a revelation of the almost inconceivable fact that a man could be a minister and a man at the same time, and they took courage, and feared not.

Mr. Powers was a man of intense activity, and consuming interest in all that was going on in parish and community. There was nothing of the recluse about him, and not a trace of laziness or even reserve. He loved what men were doing, and must have a hand in it. In the various towns in which he lived, he was always in the midst of things—taking his part in labor conflicts, plunging into politics (he was once a candidate for the State Senate in Massachusetts), running a forum or a public lecture course, investigating the schools, fighting the good fight for free speech. And yet he was a scholar in the true sense of the word, a passionate reader and collector of books, a loving pilgrim to old colonial houses and an authority on their history and architecture, a sensitive lover of art and music. On my arrival in Washington, late in the afternoon on the occasion of my visit with him in November, he must race his automobile through the streets to Rock Creek Cemetery, that I might not miss the opportunity of seeing, before the light of day had gone, St. Gaudens's wonderful monument over the grave of Mrs. Henry Adams. A few quiet words spoken to me, as we stood and gazed on the mysterious shrouded figure, showed how its spirit had reached and touched his soul.

It is an unusual thing for UNITY to devote its leading editorial to eulogy of one not known, perhaps, save by name, to most of its readers. I crave occasion, however, to speak my praise of one so simple, brave, honest, pure; and here take occasion which I find not elsewhere. What is more, I would have others, for their own spirit's health, feel something of the inspiration of this man's life; and I write these words therefore in earnest prayer that some one of them, like a vagrant spark, may kindle fire in the hearts of those who read. Lastly, Mr. Powers was for years a friend of this paper—believed in its mission and sustained its work. UNITY would be ungrateful did it not speak to him its "hail and farewell." At the moment, there must be tears for one so suddenly gone from so full and true a life. And yet, dear friend,

What need of tears
Or fears
For you!

Adieu!
This is no common day—
Your feet upon the way
All Knights of old have trod,
All Saints hacked through to God.
Your soul shall catch
Their glinting glory. . . .
Adieu!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE VANISHED YEARS

I

I climb them step by step—
The vanished years.
Stumbling, I pause to look below
Down wells of time, so black, so deep
Their waters keep
No sound,
Nor show a star,
Nor hold a memory.

II

Sometimes I kneel and look above
That dark stairway
At years to come;
My fingers clasp my fears,
Where my hopes go.
Up there beyond that last, gray step,
Afar,
Within that roof of mist,
What is that shape in flight,
Dim, strong and slow?

III

"A wing," some say;
Some answer, "Love";
And some say, "Night
And Sleep."
But I?
I do not know.

The Freeman. —*Jeannette Marks.*

THE PULPIT

What God Means to Me

By John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Community Church

(*Concluded.*)

From some points of view, I suppose it may be said that God is, to a certain extent, a way of speaking. Theology is an attempt to create a language which shall describe things which ordinary language cannot express. And yet, as I have been saying all along, there is something much more real and vital than any mere manner of speaking or thinking, in this thought of God. God is identified with humanity, just as he is identified with nature; but he is also something more and infinitely greater than either of these worlds. When we pass through nature to God, or through man to God, we pass to something that is new, a fresh-born creation, a reality beyond and above all reality. Humanity is one thing; God is that thing and something more. God is not humanity writ large, but humanity writ with a *plus*. He is all that humanity is, or ever may be, and at the same time something distinct in character and essence.

I can best get at what I have in mind in these somewhat enigmatical utterances, by citing a very illuminating distinction which Mr. Wells makes in his "God the Invisible King," between what he calls an "aggregate" and a "synthesis." Here, let us say, on this parcel of ground at my side, is a pile of stones. This pile of stones is growing larger all the time, as every day great trucks are coming down the road with fresh loads of stones to add to those already dumped upon the earth. Higher and higher grows the pile, as day succeeds upon busy day. At last it towers like a mountain. If I were to describe this pile of stones, I could only say, somewhat as Peter Bell said about the primrose, that it was simply a pile of stones, and that was all! If I were to undertake to describe it to one who had not seen it, I should have to say that each stone was of a certain size, and that there were five thousand or ten thousand or twenty-five thousand stones of this same size in this great pile. Beyond this I could say nothing, for this pile of stones is simply a hit-and-miss collection—in other words, an "aggregate." It is one stone added to another stone, to a total of so many thousand stones. What we have is a process of addition.

Now suddenly these stones are again moved into another space—a level piece of ground here at my right. They are moved one by one, jut as they were moved from the original stone quarries by a succession of trucks; but the new pile on which the stones are now one by one deposited, is a different sort of pile. As it begins to climb higher and higher, the separate stones seem to disappear—one stone seems to grow into another stone and make not two stones, but a new stone of a different size and character. This single stone into which the other stones merge, grows as a flower grows, taking on ever greater size and ever nobler shape. Little by little, I begin to discover that I am looking at a wall, and then at a tower—things that have design and purpose and beauty. At last, the first pile of stones has all disappeared and this new pile has taken its place. But the new pile is something more than a mere pile. It is a cathedral, towering like "frozen music," as Lowell put it, towards the watching sky. What we had in the first pile of stones, as I have said, was a mere process of addition, the adding of one stone to another. In this second pile, however, we have a process of multiplication—the growing of one stone into another, to the end of the creation of something infinitely greater than either one of them, or both together. The many stones in the first pile were simply many stones; the many stones in the second pile are also many stones, but they are something more than this as well. They now constitute the cathedral; the sublime result of a process of organic growth. A new reality has come into the world which never existed before—an "aggregate" has become transformed into a "synthesis."

We get a still better illustration of this distinction between "aggregate" and "synthesis" in the development of a biological organism. In the beginning a physical organism, an animal, for example, represents simply the joining of two cellular units of life. The organism develops by a process of adding to the original two units other units of the same character. The cells, in other words, increase rapidly in number and thus build up the organism from the embryo to the mature form. When the organism has reached its full growth, and finally the end of its period of existence, it could be placed upon a desk or table and divided into its myriad constituent cellular units, if we had vision keen enough and instruments delicate enough for such a piece of work. When each cell had been separated from every other cell, we would there have the whole organism before us reduced to its original component parts. But in this "aggregate" of cells we would not have the organism as it had grown and lived, for such an organism is something more than a mere aggregation of cellular units. In the course of development, the various cells become united into a "synthesis" of cells, by which we mean that there appears from the aggregate collection of these units, a central life different from the life inherent in each cell. In other words, the organism is in itself a unit, created out of the separate units as a blossom springs out of the stem of a plant. Here again, as in the case of the cathedral, we have a process not of addition but of multiplication. A new being has appeared, not to be seen or felt save as it vitalizes the "aggregate," and therewith makes it to be a "synthesis" which does certain things which the "aggregate" could never do. Physiologically speaking, it might be said that Shakespeare or Darwin or Lincoln were a mere collection of so many millions of biological cells. This they were, most certainly, at bottom; but when those cells were not simply added together, but multiplied, there appeared out of them the brains and hearts which made these men to be something to be defined in spiritual and not in physiological terms. Hence our talk of man's spirit, and the immortality of the soul!

Perhaps the best illustration, however, of what we have in mind, is seen not in the single man, but in a group of men. Here in a room there sits a man alone by himself. Into this room there comes another man. We may now say that there are two men, or souls, in the room. But these men now begin to talk to each other, to exchange ideas and experiences; and as a result of their communication one with another, a spiritual miracle takes place. From the soul of the first man combined with the soul of the second man, which makes two souls, there now emerges a third soul which represents the union between the

two. This appears in startlingly concrete form in the case of a man and a woman joined in marriage, when in the child of their love there is projected a personal embodiment of that new and living spirit which has come into being as the result of the one life binding itself in union with the other. Similar evidence is seen in what we know as crowd or mob psychology. When many men come together into a single group, there springs instantly into being the mind of that group. The many minds now do things, noble or ignoble, which no one of the single men in the group would be able under any circumstances to do by himself. When the group is so large as to include the whole population of a nation, we have a national mind leaping into war, lifting men to glorious heights of heroism and sacrifice, taking men out of themselves, as we put it, and building them into the common mind of the land, as the stone is built into the structure of the cathedral, or the soul is built into the organism of the plant or animal. As the result of this spiritual process we see nations acting under a single impulse, moving to a single end, accomplishing, as in the case of Belgium, a single consummate sacrifice. Men as individuals no longer count. The nation, a new individual, has appeared in the world and now takes command of the lives of those who make it what it is. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Here is the divinely true expression of this amazing spiritual phenomenon. Nations, classes, races, all of these have souls like men. Yea, we can already see the day when these group souls will themselves be builded into that universal soul which shall be the spirit of humanity. And what shall this thing be but the discovery of God —the veil of human distinctions and hatreds torn away, and the spirit of the common life revealed at last in perfect splendor!

Now it is in this essential distinction between what we have called the "aggregate" and the "synthesis," that we see what is meant by the statement that "God is spirit." This is no mere idle generalization. Here we have God individualized or personalized. Here we see God appearing as a new and all-inclusive center of life in the world. God in nature has been an unconscious being, working blindly to uncomprehended ends; in man he has been born and thus had his conscious beginning. At that moment when man discovered his kinship with his fellowman, and together they joined relationship for the common service of the common life, it was then that the soul of humanity was born as that new spirit which is God; and it is this living soul, this new vital synthetic spirit of mankind, which has been growing through all the ages of the historic past. God is a growing God, for the soul of humanity is a growing soul. God has not yet discovered his utmost purposes and is far from realizing his farthest hopes. He is struggling and striving not merely in men but *with* men. He is leading men and calling to them and praying with them. He is seeking men's help as men are seeking his help, each yearning for the other that together they may find the way and do the work which neither can achieve alone. This is what we mean by God as a separate person and a creative spirit. This is the demonstration of Paul's inspired maxim that "In him we live and move and have our being."

Here is what God means to me in general terms. More specifically, as expressed in humanity, God means three things.

In the first place, God means to me *Purpose*. He is the Purpose which has been working in the hearts of men from the day when first man stood erect and moved from out the realm of animal existence. It is difficult to see this impressive fact under the ordinary circumstances of observation, as we usually focus our attention upon single nations, and therefore see little but the clash of these nations with one another, and the resulting rise and downfall of succeeding empires. It is only when we get a bird's-eye view, so to speak, of human life, that this concept of Purpose becomes manifest. It is the inestimable service of presenting us with such a viewpoint that Mr. H. G. Wells has just rendered in the writing of his "Outline of History." As one reads this amazing work, he is at first impressed with the overwhelming confusion of historical material which the author has handled. It seems as though the story of mankind were nothing but a story of a chaos futilely seeking some kind of order or progress. Then, little by little, out of the stupendous panorama, there begins to emerge, as it were, the pattern of a supreme design. We begin to see that through all this blind confusion there is running some kind of Purpose—at first vague, indefinite, appearing faintly only to disappear altogether, and yet always emerging and becoming little by little ever more clear. At last, as the story rounds out into the great events of the last few centuries, and especially of the last generation, we begin to recognize this Purpose as we recognize the theme of a symphony mounting to its climax in the surging raptures of the great orchestra. There is a plan here which is seeking its fulfillment. Imbedded in the complexity of human catastrophes and dreams, is a design which is slowly but surely working itself out. Purpose, in other words, is present—a Purpose tending toward the organization of society into a great co-operative relationship, which shall have love as its rule of life and brotherhood as its aim and goal. This element of Purpose becomes most clearly manifest in the constant rise of man out of the wreckage and ruin of one convulsing cataclysm after another. Man is constantly being defeated, and yet has never known defeat. What does this mean, if not that he is working out a Purpose which is greater than he himself knows. What does this demonstrate, if not the validity of Tennyson's vision:

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing Purpose runs.

Wells sums it all up in the superb paragraph which comes at the close of one of his chapters:

Slowly men apprehend the reality of human brotherhood, the needlessness of wars and cruelties and oppression, the possibilities of a common purpose for the whole of our kind. In every generation there is the evidence of men seeking for that better order to which they feel the world must come. But everywhere and whenever in any man the great constructive ideas have taken hold, the hot greeds, the jealousies, the suspicions and impatience that are in the nature of every one of us, war against the struggle towards greater and broader purposes. The last twenty-three centuries of history are like the efforts of some impulsive, hasty immortal to think clearly and live rightly. Blunder follows blunder; promising beginnings end in grotesque disappointments; streams of living water are poisoned by the cup that conveys them to the thirsty lips of mankind. But the hope of man rises again at last after every disaster.

In the second place, God means to me *Will*—the Will which labors unceasingly to fulfill the Purpose of which we have just been speaking. There is not only design involved in the operations of this universe, but a conscious motive power dedicated to the task of seeing that this design is worked out to its perfect

end. It is our fashion today to explain history on the basis of what we call the "economic interpretation." By this we mean that there are present in man's world certain definite economic forces which, like steam within a boiler, impel the race to certain lines of progress. This is a sound theory, but it falls short of explaining all that has taken place in the ages gone by. To this many of us still add the older theory of "great men," believing that geniuses like Cæsar, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Kant and Darwin are forces as definite as climate, food supplies and industrial systems, which make decisive changes in the course of human development. These two theories, to my mind, explain much of what has taken place in the story of man's life; but there is a final explanation still wanting, and this it is which I choose to recognize as that Will which is God. I fail to see how any intelligent person can read the story of man's life upon this planet and not recognize the presence of this Will as a kind of spiritual energy driving man to supreme ends of dedication and achievement. Some such idea is alone adequate to explain the persistence of man in pushing forward on roads which lead he knows not whither. Indeed, at our highest moments, both in our individual and social lives, do we not feel as if we were caught up, as it were, by a "power not ourselves which makes for righteousness," justice and peace upon the earth? It is this "power not ourselves" which is the Will of which I speak; and it is this Will which we are doing blindly, stupidly, and yet in the end triumphantly, when we give our lives to great causes of human emancipation. Lowell is right, when he declares that it is God "whose will we darkly accomplish, doing ours." What man is, today, is explained by the material conditions in the midst of which he has lived and struggled. It is explained also by the leadership of thought and heroism which has dedicated itself to his service. But it is only explained finally when we recognize the presence of this resolute determination of the universe to achieve its ends and fulfill in man the utmost of its purposes. It is this which I recognize as God.

Lastly, God means to me *Love*—Love in the working out of this Will and the achievement of this Purpose. There was a time when the idea of the Love of God was a kind of sentimentalism in which men indulged in defiance of the evidence of their senses and the logic of their thought. Then, in the early evolutionary period of science and philosophy, there came a time when it seemed as though the idea of Love at work in the world became a mad absurdity. Suddenly the processes of life were revealed as those of struggle for survival and dominance. Force seemed to be at work as the decisive principle of existence, and progress to be attained only at the price of immeasurable suffering and wanton death. John Fiske describes this stage of thought when he speaks, in his essay "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice," of the cruelty which the initial discovery of the evolution principle seemed to disclose. "It is into no blest country," he said, "that our stern science leads us, but into a scene of ugliness and hatred, strife and massacre. . . . When we think of the hawk's talons buried in the breast of the wren, while the relentless beak tears the little wing from the quivering, bleeding body, our mood toward Nature is changed and we feel like recoiling from a world in which such black injustice, such savage disregard for others, is part of the world scheme." Then came the recovery of our faith in the beneficent principle at work in the world. Little by little it was discovered that the struggle for survival, on the basis of force, was only a part of the cosmic story. Complementary to this, and deeper and truer than this, was found to be the principle of what Drummond calls "the struggle for the life of others." Even in the cruel realms of animal existence, the ideal of mutual service made its appearance in the early dawn of organic existence, and as the ages have moved on through the hundreds and thousands of years gone by, this principle, which at heart is none other than the principle of Love, has grown ever stronger and more decisive in its influence. At last, with the appearance of man, as Thomas Huxley points out in his famous "Romanes Lecture," this principle of mutual service for the first time became dominant and transformed the whole process of evolution. This dominance has not at any time taken the form of exclusive control—it has to fight for its life, so to speak, against the savage passions inherited by man from his animal progenitors; but there within man's heart it is, fighting unflinchingly for control and ultimate conquest of the life of the race. It is this which no less a scientist than Alfred Russel Wallace calls the invasion of God into the world. In spite of all the evil and cruelty of life, Love is present within this universe, and this Love I cannot understand, either in origin or character, save as I think of it as God.

Here, then, are some suggestions at least, vague and unsatisfactory I know, of What God means to me. God is the Life-Spirit of the world, working, unconsciously in nature and consciously in man, his Purpose, Will and Love. To many of you this may seem, as I have said, to be but a way of speaking, a deliberate and unreasonable insistence on using theistic instead of humanistic terms. But to me, may I confess in these closing moments, there is something more involved here than a chosen method of intellectual interpretation. God has become to me something more than a formula for the explanation of natural and historical phenomena. God is now, to me, at least, an experience, well nigh impossible to explain, but felt as surely as the air we breathe or the sunshine in the midst of which we live. There are moments in our lives, if we struggle ever to be faithful to the best within us, when God appears as a veritable presence—one who speaks his words of comfort, touches our hands in strength and guidance, and gives us companionship in moments of loneliness and pain. To all of us there come times when we are lifted up, so to speak, to the doing of things which of ourselves we could never have done. All this is not thought, or speculation, or even faith. It is the appearance of reality, the knowledge of a personal presence, the conscious laying hold of a divine Spirit. Theology in our time has gone and in its place has come experience; and he only is the religious man who, whatever his creed or lack of creed, has touched these mystic shores of his own spiritual knowledge. By prayer, by devotion to truth, by love of our fellowmen, by rigorous discipline to simple and pure modes of life, above all by valiant consecration to every emancipating cause, we find our way to God and see him at the last as a comrade and a friend. When this moment comes, as it sooner or later comes to all who truly live,

our lives are changed. God is with us and there is no more doubt of God. Thereafter one goes about like one who was

lonely and has found a lover, like one who was perplexed and has found a solution. One is assured that there is a Power that fights with us against the confusion and evil within us and without. There comes into the heart an essential and enduring happiness and courage.

Such is God, if we would not only understand him but know him! The old familiar words, after all, sound the deepest notes of truth—

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet.

CONTRIBUTED

"Brotherly Love (!)"

I went to the "movies" last Sunday evening. Between two of the pictures a young man stepped upon the stage. He was dressed in the uniform of the United States Navy. When I saw him later I noticed that he wore the arm band of a recruiting officer. He gave a talk which was illustrated by slides thrown on the screen. He said he had given this lecture in many towns in New England and elsewhere throughout the country. He wanted the audience to understand that he accepted no money for this work. He lectured in club rooms, schools, and churches. His purpose was to help the cause of Americanism and brotherly love.

The pictures showed starving men, women, and children in various quarters of the globe. The speaker said America had helped to save these people. I understood him to make the remark that America had mothered every nation in the world. America was the great country of brotherly love.

Then he showed pictures of soldiers rushing against the enemy. "Here are our boys going over the top," he said, "and they will do it again when their country calls." He told the audience he felt sure they were all loyal. "Every heart here tonight beat true I am sure." He showed pictures of the nation's great destroyers on the sea. Our nation was to have the most powerful navy in the world. "If you knew the number of such ships our country has it would amaze you. And she is asking for men, more men, to man these boats because America is getting prepared."

He told us about the big guns our nation has, guns that will shoot a distance of fifteen miles. As his lecture drew to its close there was the usual slide of "old glory" which to the minds of those in the audience seems to be equivalent to the stamp of God's approval of all that has gone before. His last slide bore the legend, "Brotherly Love," brilliantly done in colors. Holding up a small American flag he cried out: "Our flag: if it's good enough to live under it's good enough to fight for," and the audience applauded, which seemed to indicate that they considered his argument unanswerable.

The speaker then announced that he would take up a collection to defray his expenses and to help along the "good work" and began to pass through the aisles collecting money in his hat.

It was a strange performance. His speech showed that he was illiterate. It was illogical and incoherent and his boasts about America were not altogether true. Nevertheless I knew that when he said America was preparing for war he was speaking the grim truth. Yet there seem to be few people who realize it.

As I came out of the theatre I saw people laughing and joking on the street. There were mothers with sleeping babies in their arms. I saw the faces; pleasant, happy faces of young men passing me. The words rang in my ears: "They will do it again when their country calls. Every heart here tonight beats true."—I wondered.

America, that nation that loves all nations as a mother loves her children! Should we not rejoice to learn that she has guns that will kill at a distance of fifteen miles! America, that great nation of brotherly love, is her flag not "good enough to fight for?" . . . And they applauded. I wondered why. I wondered if the minds of all who applauded were as sadly confused as the mind of the sailor's seemed to be.

Until the people, the common people, the masses, the movie-going masses of people in every nation refuse to applaud such cheap jingoism as this man gave that audience and are ready to stand firm and say, "There is no flag in the world worth fighting for," what hope have we of ever seeing the day when brotherly love will be anything more than a meaningless catch-phrase to be mouthed by recruiting officers? What hope have we of ever seeing the day when peace will be anything but a breathing space between wars to be used for the purpose of "getting prepared" again to do deeds "which well might shame extremest hell?"

Kent, Ohio. EDWARD A. LEWIS.

Our Duty to Russia

The newspapers report that our State Department has no intention of recognizing the Soviet Government in Russia. It should be remembered that our State Department had no difficulty in recognizing a government in Russia that made the roads to Siberia red with the blood of those who tramped the weary miles to the prison camps of Siberia, that organized pogroms for the slaughter of weak and defenceless people, that filled the dungeons of the fortresses with those who dared breathe the word "freedom" and sent into exiles the noblest and bravest men and women of the country.

Ever since the day of George Kennan's revelations of the terrible treatment of those who suffered a living death in the prisons of Siberia to the day of the downfall of the Romanoffs our State Department was never shocked by the cry of agony that went up out of the heart of Russia. Even "Bloody Sunday," in January, nineteen hundred and five, did not disturb our friendly relations with that government by massacre.

And now one wonders how many more children, how many more women, how many more old people must die before we are satisfied. The blockade, so horrible in its effects that no adjective can adequately describe it, must go on with its toll of agony and death until some new Kolchak or Wrangel can place once more the government of the Czars on the throne. Then perhaps hospital supplies and food necessary for little children may be permitted to go to the people of Russia. Is this the answer of a civilized people to the cries of despair that come out of that desolate land? To hear that cry one does not need to be a sympathizer with Bolshevism or any of its works.

We, a people who detest and abhor war, are engaged in something tenfold more horrible than war. War is in its purpose at least an effort to kill those who

can fight for themselves. But the blockade is an attack on the weak and helpless. It strikes first at the children and then at the sick and the aged. Its cruelty is only matched by its worse than stupidity. The world needs today not cruelty but love, not destruction but service. The blockade is storing up a harvest of hate that some day will burst its bounds and sweep over the world. If we would do our part in saving the world we must break down the barriers between ourselves and every people and give to them out of the riches of our abundance.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

A Sentiment on Armament

The great nations of the world are once more engaged in a passionate armament competition such as marked the years directly preceding the late war; naval and military preparation for the next struggle goes forward with the same old dreadful determination on the part of each to surpass the performance of all. Thus governments make ready for another death grapple, and peoples are frightened and impoverished. The truth is that the battles fought on land and sea by contending machines are more and more subordinated in importance to the battles fought in banking offices and stock exchanges. The time has come when the masses everywhere are beginning to realize that their sacrifices are vain because no matter what the outcome on the field the final decisions will be rendered by the vested interests and their politicians in convention assembled. The people have a right to demand that these inevitable councils take place, if at all, without the traditional prologue, the "peace" conference without the war. Why, anyway, should millions of men commit murder that a few men may commit pillage? If men must steal the goods and lands of other men, why should we who have little or nothing to gain and everything to lose be the pawns of these selfish creatures? Let those whose wealth will be protected (?) by navies and military machines pay for them, as a man pays for fire insurance. Why should my son carry a rifle to protect your son's bank? It would be different, perhaps, if wealth were a common possession. How can a man who owns not even the space of a grave be said to have a country? How can I who am already in debt be asked to pay more taxes that eighty additional warships may be built in the next three years to guarantee Mr. Morgan or another the right to collect interest on money invested abroad? Can a man be expected to defend poverty from aggression; should a prisoner defend his own jail? When those who do the work receive the product of their toil, when those who sow also reap, we shall all love our common country and not require dreadnaughts and fortresses to express our patriotism. In the meantime, *not another cent!*

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

THE NEW EDEN

When every child shall, through his native gift,
Be truthward led along the ways of joy;
Creeds shall not separate;
Caste shall be out of date;
Love shall all hearts enfold
In that fair age of gold.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

SELECTED

Disarmament

[The campaign for disarmament, now being conducted by the New York *World*, marks one of the high-water marks of American journalism. In the issue for Monday, January 3rd, the following statements on the question, by New York clergymen, were published.—THE EDITORS.]

John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Community Church:

Disarmament is commonly regarded as an academic question. So far from being academic, it is the most intensely practical question in the world. Every piece of bread I eat, every article of clothing I wear, my rent, my transportation charges, my simplest articles of daily use—all are rendered excessively expensive by reason of the vast expenditures of the Nation for armaments on land and sea. The burden of taxation, direct and indirect, beneath which the people groan and stumble because of the cost of modern armies and navies is one of the crowning iniquities, as it is one of the most dreadful horrors, of our time, and will be regarded by historians in the future—if there is to be any future to produce historians of our race—as one of the insoluble mysteries of this age. That men, deemed to be intelligent should have tolerated this incalculable waste, this crushing impoverishment of natural and human resources, for more than two generations past, and now, after the most terrible war in history, should be entering upon it once again, would be hilariously funny if it were not so inexpressibly tragic.

If the nations got what they so extravagantly paid for in their armaments of war—namely, security—there might be some minute trace of reason in their madness on this question. But they do not! Armaments never yet brought security to any people. On the contrary, they are the immediate and unescapable provocation to fear, suspicion and ill-will. They are one of the sure occasions of war, and therefore of the vast hazard of destruction and universal disaster. Every country in Europe in 1914 was armed to the very limit of its efficiency, ability and ambition. But their preparedness did not prevent the war, and saved no single nation from the losses and terrors of the war On the contrary, this very preparedness hastened and insured the war's coming, with all of its disaster for those who had arms to fight It is no exaggeration but simple fact to say that the size of competitive armaments is the exact measure of the world's insecurity.

But what is to be done? If men had brains and courage and a mere modicum of faith, if there were not forces at work that desired armament and wars, it would be the simplest thing in the world for all the nations, by a single exchange of official pledges, to agree to reduce or scrap their existing armaments. This could be done, as it should have been done at Versailles in 1918, as easily as it is agreed to establish postal relations or fight disease.

Failing this, England, Japan and America should agree not to increase their armaments for a stated period, or, better still, to reduce their armaments simultaneously. No one of these nations has any nation in all the world to fear but one or both of the other two. For them to sustain or increase their armaments is to menace one another and thus prepare the next great war. Senator Borah's proposal to this end should be adopted forthwith.

In the last resort, America should herself disarm, and thus set to mankind the unparalleled example of a nation brave enough to trust its neighbors and wise enough to bid for peace. Such an act would do more to bring security to America, and confidence and strength to the disordered world, than any other one thing that can be conceived. If I had my way, I would at this moment order every American ship of war, from the mightiest dreadnought to the smallest submarine, to be sunk in mid-ocean; I would disband every regiment of soldiers and send them about some honest work that is decently fit for men; I would dismantle every fort and garrison and barracks; I would spike every gun, scrap every sword, scatter to the winds every grain of powder and every atom of gas. I would disarm completely and immediately. This sounds like madness, but it is not! It is simply the counsel of wisdom and of Christian love to a world which, in its government at least, is now as mad as it is cowardly and wicked.

Charles E. Jefferson, Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle:

Men in public office who want to continue the race in armaments are mad. They are driving the world toward chaos and black night. Big armaments mean big wars. That has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all sane minds. Men who still talk of armaments as insurance and say if you want peace you must prepare for war are moral imbeciles. The people must rise en masse and hurl them out of office.

In these days of widespread misery and starvation, when Governments once rich are bankrupt, and when even strong nations stagger under debts which are well nigh crushing, and when taxation is so heavy that another twist of the screw may start a word-wide conflagration, any man, no matter who he is, who prates about having the biggest navy and who with appalling deficits before his eyes urges the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars on preparation for the next war is an enemy of his country and a traitor to mankind.

The time has come for plain speaking. There are a few types of foolery which have got to come to an end, and this is one of them. Let every man and woman throughout the country who has a heart cry out trumpet-tongued against this whole idiotic and diabolical business. Armaments have got to be reduced, and it is for America to lead the way. What is our Republic in the world for if we are too stupid or too craven-hearted to lead?

William Pierson Merrill, Minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church:

The New York *World* is rendering a real public service in striking hard for a reduction of armaments. No question now before the general public of all nations is bigger or more important than this. I believe the best sentiment in Great Britain, Japan and the United States, not to mention other nations, is overwhelmingly in favor of this policy. Gen. Pershing said convincingly last Wednesday evening that the alternative is barbarism.

All decent people, regardless of political or other affiliations, ought to be in favor of practical and courageous planning and working for radical reduction or armaments; certainly no one can claim to be a believer in God and a lover of man and still be willing that such vast sums of national wealth should go into what is at best a needless waste.

Obviously the best and most practical course would be to secure general agreement among the strong nations to pursue a general policy of radical reduction of armies and navies instead of a policy of expansion. But I believe that the surest way to success would be for some one nation to take the lead by announcing such a policy for itself, or at least declaring openly and positively its willingness to enter into such an agreement. The United States is the nation which can take that stand with least risk to itself and with greatest influence over others. Whether we are right or wrong in staying out of the League of Nations, the fact that we are out should make us the more eager to show that we are not indifferent to practical plans for world welfare and co-operation. All good Americans should work together to make our country the leader in the effort to remove the disgrace and folly of competitive armament.

Leighton Parks, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church:

The decision of the people of the United States, as expressed in the late Presidential election, is overwhelmingly against the treaty of peace and the covenant of the League of Nations as presented by President Wilson to the Senate for ratification. In consequence the country is faced by a portentous dilemma.

It may decide to leave our associates in the late war to deal with the problem of Europe and Asia as they think best. But that policy of isolation will unquestionably lay upon the country the heavy responsibility of defense, if not in the immediate future certainly in the lifetime of the younger generation. I do not see how the country can protect itself against possible revenge of the disappointed people of Europe, possibly combined with the imperialistic temper of Asia, without following some such plan as Secretary Daniels has outlined for a navy that will protect our coast, east and west, and the Panama Canal. Such a policy will unquestionably lay a heavy burden of taxation upon the people, but if it is necessary for our national protection it should and doubtless can be met.

The other possibility is that the Government should follow the advice of Senator Borah and enter into a friendly agreement with the two great naval powers of the world, England and Japan, by which the building of great ships shall be at least postponed for a number of years, thus giving needed relief to the tax-burdened peoples of this country. If such an agreement could be entered into doubtless France and Italy would be willing to join. In that way the peace of America would be assured.

But neither of these plans alone will satisfy the conscience of America. "No man liveth to himself," and no nation can live to itself. We must live as the enemy or as the friend of the world. There is good reason to believe that the President-elect will suggest some practical plan by which we can co-operate with the stricken nations of Europe, and which will lead to a lasting peace. Certainly that is our hope. The root of the evil which leads to war is mutual suspicion, and nothing tends to deepen that suspicion more than the sight "of the strong man armed." If the nations of the world were to cease their excessive armament and provide only such armies and navies as are needed for police purposes there would be a more rational hope of abiding peace. Therefore, it seems to me that, without regard to political affiliation or religious or racial prejudices, all men of good will should use their influence to bring about a disarmament of the world.

I think the New York *World,* with its large circulation and well deserved influence, has begun good work, and I sincerely trust that its efforts may be successful.

Joseph Fort Newton, Minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity:

The time is at hand to ground arms. Timidly, tentatively and with many suspicions the nations are learning to sit together in conclave, taking counsel for the common good. But as soon as proposals are made looking toward disarmament, the matter is pigeon-holed, postponed, put forward to some indefinite time in an undated future. No, "the time is at hand." There has been talk enough and to spare; it is time to act. Fine sentiments about peace are of no avail if we go on piling up guns and making threats of building bigger navies. Such a policy is historically idiotic, as we have been taught by the plainest of object lessons. In the Great War —followed by the Little Peace—the nations which began with the finest military machines were the nations that fell and were crushed. Facts could not speak more eloquently.

If we have learned nothing from five years of blood and fire and tears, we are either morally bankrupt or intellectually imbecile. Once again, in a stupendous tragedy, we have been shown that those who draw the sword perish by the sword. Of course, if America is to resign from the world and dwell in isolated imperialism it may not be time to disarm. But if we are to live as a member of the human family, taking part in its deliberations, we have an opportunity, which is also an obligation, to lead the way toward disarmament. "The time is at hand," otherwise the battered and impoverished peoples of the earth will be preserved for no other purpose than new wars and new disasters and the menace of universal anarchy.

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET

[Francis Neilson, Esq., with appreciation of his fine paper on "The Appeal of the Barbizon Painters." New Year's Day.]

Not far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,
A lovely memory-haunted hamlet lies,
Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies
Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go—
Their backs too used to stoop, and patient sow
The harvest which a narrow want supplies,—
Even as when, Earth's pathos in his eyes,
Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe.

Ah, Barbizon! With thorns, not laurels, crowned,
He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found—
Vital as seed warm nestled in the sod—
The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;
Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain,—
At home with Nature, and at one with God!

—Florence Earle Coates, in November Atlantic.

THE STUDY TABLE

New Books

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE. E. J. Dillon. New York and London: 1920. Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. ix. 513.

Dr. Dillon is one of the best informed men regarding European politics. For many years he has analyzed the more significant political events of various nations for some of the leading journals of the world. More than once he has been the confidential agent of one or another country in delicate negotiations. He knows Russia and the Balkan states with special intimacy. He was in Paris through the entire Conference and his knowledge of affairs was such that it was judged inexpedient to publish his reports, some of which were held up indefinitely. He has strong convictions and individual admirations and preferences —thus his sympathies are with Greeks and against Bulgarians—but his discussions are fair and his presentations well balanced. He is not deceived by pretence, nor awed by the importance of nations through wealth, or numbers, or armament. At the peace table, certain proclamations said to be fundamental, made Poland as important as Great Britain, Rumania as strong in her rights as France, Turkey as entitled to justice as the United States. Dr. Dillon was not blinded by the glory surrounding Lloyd George, or Wilson, or Clemenceau. In fact, he finds them distinctly inferior to some of the delegates, in information, in grasp of questions, in farsightedness. Dmowski from Poland outranked all three in all ways; no man was more continually snubbed and despised than Bratiano of Rumania, yet he seems to have surpassed any one of the great three in ability. With such qualifications, our author should give us an unusual and valuable book. He has done so. It is not too much to say that it is one of the two books so far printed in its field that has great and permanent value. The meetings at Paris were a great disappointment to many who had been misled by the fine and high-sounding utterances of Wilson and Lloyd George. Neither the treaty nor the league of nations were great achievements, nor were they informed with high and noble principles. They worked out into the same short-sighted, wicked, war-engendering arrangements and compromises, that victors flushed with success but fearful of the future have always made. Both are full of injustices; some actual crimes are present. Thus, the treatment of Russia—an ally, who suffered much for the common cause—was a crime. "The protection of minorities" is an abrogation of sovereignty, which renders the new republics subject to outside dictation and breeds future troubles and dissensions. In fact, the new nations have been created merely for the advantage of Great Britain and France, with the former ahead in the game. Dr. Dillon studies the environment of the meetings, the delegates, the methods; he investigates the problems of the lesser states; he devotes chapters to the bearing of the Conference and its decisions upon Poland, Italy, Japan and Russia; he states the dangers of Bolshevism as he sees them; he sketches the inevitable results of the "minorities" act. As the final result of his analysis, he finds that the wise men at Paris have succeeded "to give one-half of the world just cause to rise up against the other half."

AN INDIAN PIONEER OF SCIENCE. The Life and Work of Sir Jagadis C. Bose. Patrick Geddes. London: 1920. 8vo. xii. 259.

There has long been a feeling that the Hindu mind is incapable of grasping and dealing with western science. That the feeling was false is evident by the reading of a little book by Sarkar upon Hindu achievements in exact science. That it is not true today is shown by the remarkable work of Jagadis Bose as given in this book by Patrick Geddes. Bose is an Indian of Indians in blood, in mind, in affection and sympathy—yet he has made notable contrabution to science in three fields. He has done it in the face of prejudice, of disadvantages of every kind, of pronounced hostility. He has held his way without swerving and has had the satisfaction of surmounting all obstacles and gaining his cherished aims. He is still active and working; he may still add to the sum total of knowledge; but his greatest victory has been to demonstrate the capacity of his people in fields that had been absolutely closed to them through racial prejudice and misjudgment. His discoveries, startling when made, have emphasized the fundamental fact "that there can be but one truth, one science, which includes all the branches of knowledge." His discoveries have been in the fields of physics, plant physiology, and psychology. In his twenty-three years of study there is a natural sequence. His first demonstrations were in electricity, where he bridged the gulf between visible and invisible light; the studies of invisible waves, of refraction, and polarization, and the reactions of minerals were of practical application in wireless signalling; most astonishing was the proof of fatigue in inorganic substances and of universal sensitiveness inherent in matter. There followed the long series of observations on plants, which resulted in demonstrating that the plant was more like the animal than had been dreamed. The mysteries of plant growth, movement, sensitiveness, response to outside stimuli, shock, drugging, death-spasm, showed a fundamental unity of life reactions in plant and animal. Having shown that minerals feel, that plants have nerves, the problem of memory was assailed. "Thus the lines of physics, of physiology and psychology converge and meet." We have but suggested some of the many startling researches of this remarkable man. In conducting them instruments of the greatest delicacy and precision had to be invented; without suitable material, financial aid, or expert helpers, he has had to devise them all. These instruments have astonished the world. They involved new principles and applications. What can be said, for example, of the magnetic crescograph, which demonstrates plant growth from the living plant with a magnification of from a million to a hundred million times! It is but one of his miracles. After his years of struggle, recognition has come. Today, those who opposed him have become his warm supporters. Honors and governmental recognitions have been forced upon him. Chiefly through his own efforts, the dream of a research institution has been materialized. The dedication took place on his fifty-ninth birthday—November 30, 1917. He is at the head, and here, in good buildings, with suitable equipment, lines of investigation such as he has carried on are to be continued by students—chiefly Indians, though all the world will be welcomed to utilize its opportunities for ad-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

LECTURES BY UNITY'S EDITORS.

The Unity Publishing Company and the Abraham Lincoln Centre are again happy to announce the presence in Chicago, for the following speaking engagements, of a distinguished Editor of UNITY, John Haynes Holmes, of the Community Church of New York City, to all of which the public is cordially invited.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 8 P. M.: Address, "Is Violence the Way Out?" Fellowship of Reconciliation, Abraham Lincoln Centre.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 11 A. M.: Lecture: "Racial Factors." League of Religious Fellowship, Abraham Lincoln Centre.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 8:15 P. M.: Lecture: "From Monarchy to Democracy in Industry." Sinai Social Centre, 4622 Grand Blvd. Admission 35 cents.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 8 P. M.: Dedication of Memorial Tablet to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, at Abraham Lincoln Centre. All friends cordially invited.

On THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, at 10:30, Mr. Francis Neilson, co-editor with Mr. Holmes of UNITY, and author of "How Diplomats Make War," will speak at Lincoln Centre on "The Settlement of Europe."

The memorial tablet which will be dedicated on Friday evening, January 21, is in memory of Mr. Jones and the other founders of Abraham Lincoln Centre and contains a bas-relief of Mr. Jones made for this purpose by the Chicago sculptor, Mr. Albin Polasek, only a few months before Mr. Jones's death, at the earnest request of Mrs. Jessie Shears-Carnovale, Mrs. Francis Neilson, and other friends of Lincoln Centre. The dedication service will take the form of a re-dedication of the institution to the ideals for which its founder stood. Mr. Holmes will speak upon the value of these ideals.

All friends of Mr. Jones and of UNITY and Lincoln Centre are most cordially invited to be present.

TWO LITTLE BOYS

Little America

Gladly I saw him
Running along,
Eyes full of laughter,
Singing a song.

Cheeks red as roses,
Heart full of joy,
Lips like ripe cherries.
Dear little boy.

Clad, oh, so cozily,
Cap on his head,
Warm little overcoat,
Nothing to dread.

Pausing to greet me,
Dear little man,
Eagerly calling,
Ere on he ran:

"It is lots colder;
Don't you think so?
Oh, how I hope it is
Going to snow."

Poland—A Dream

Sadly I saw him
Running along,
Eyes full of misery,
Singing no song.

Cheeks gray as ashes,
Heart without joy,
Lips drawn in agony,
Dear little boy.

Clad, oh, so scantily,
Bare little head,
Hunger and nakedness,
Terror and dread.

Pausing to greet me,
Dear little man,
Wearily whispering,
Ere on he ran:

"It is lots colder;
Don't you think so?
Oh, God! I fear it is
Going to snow."

—Walter Westley.

The Arkansas Gazette.

---

vanced research. It has an audience hall with 1,500 seatings, where lectures will be given announcing the studies and discoveries here made. It has a printing plant also and its publications are, and will be, substantial contributions to scientific knowledge. This research institute is a splendid crown to a great life-work. May it really raise up and aid a group of worthy workers to carry on the demonstration of Hindu ability, which Jagadis Bose has made.

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN. E. D. Morel. New York: 1920. B. W. Huebsch. 16mo. pp. xii. 241.

No one has given more serious consideration to Africa's problems than Mr. Morel, who for more than a quarter of a century has plead for the rights of the black man. An able writer, a clear thinker, he is fearless in the expression of his ideas. The book before us is of broader scope and more general character than his preceding works. In it he glimpses the whole contact between the aggressive white man —exploiting, crushing, destroying—and the black. The book is divided into three parts—dealing with first, second and third periods. The first period is that of the slave trade, the story of which is briefly summarized. The second period is that of Invasion, Political Control and Capitalistic Exploitation, to each of which a special discussion is given. The "episodes in the struggle for the soil" are exemplified in the story of Southern Rhodesia and German West Africa; the "episodes in the establishment of political control" by the story of Morocco and of Tripoli; the "episodes in capitalistic exploitation" by the story of the Congo Free State, of French Congo, and of the Cocoa Islands of Angola. The whole forms a sad, sad narrative and the aggressors are all who have colonial possessions in the African continent—Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, Italy. Everywhere the drive for wealth and power brings the same disasters to the native. The fundamental wrong is the taking of the black man's land—without which he becomes a mere slave, working for the benefit of others. By nature an agriculturist, by nature and training a trader—how much better it had been for both parties if the contact with the negro had developed a free production and a fair trade. Tropical Africa can produce and does produce abundantly under the native system of land-tenure, co-operative labor and corporate social life. The results of Europeanizing the negro, of working him according to our ideas, of dispossessing and enslaving are bad and will never pay.

> The tropical African cannot stand in tropical Africa, the European labor system with its prolonged hours of work under constant supervision, its monotony, the absence of freedom, joy, and sociability in life, the perpetual discipline. . . . He loses his hold on existence. His capacity to resist disease weakens. His procreating powers decline. He becomes spiritless, unhappy, collapsible.

The third part of the book deals with the period of reparation and reforms. Land, native social organization, encouragement, co-operation are needed. The league of nations fails to give a solution. What might be done under a different kind of a league is outlined. The moment is critical. The death of Africa is imminent unless something is done. A new, frightful wickedness looms also: Africa is being militarized. France leads the way; others perhaps will follow. Those who have exploited Africa's "cheap labor" may now use what remains there as forces to be hurled against their enemies.

FREDERICK STARR.

Schumann & Company

Cleaners of

FANCY GOWNS AND KID GLOVES

Having winter garments cleaned before storing them will keep out moth

PHONE DREXEL 231
ALL DEPARTMENTS

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

728 E. 39th Street
Phone Douglas 244

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM—DOMESTIC

COAL

TELEPHONE WABASH 5028

Main Office:
28 E. Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

Subscribe for and read UNITY —do not miss a single number!

ETHICAL CULTURE SUNDAY EVENING LECTURE FORUM

For the past ten years there has been conducted in New York on the upper west side a unique type of Sunday evening lecture forum. Alfred W. Martin, one of the leaders of the Society for Ethical Culture, with Dr. Felix Adler, has had the enterprise in charge. Forums for the discussion of political, social and economic questions are common throughout the United States, but Dr. Martin has ventured on the untried and difficult ground of religion. His is the only lecture forum in the country devoted to discussion of religious issues, affording opportunity for doubters, agnostics and others perplexed in mind and heart over vital issues of religious thought to air their difficulties and derive the benefit accruing from open, fearless discussion. Dr. Martin's program provides for the reading of selected passages from the Bibles of the Great Religions as an introduction to his address delivered as usual without notes and lasting not more than fifty minutes. Then follows public discussion governed by strict observance of rules (1) not speeches, only questions are in order, (2) questions must relate to the topic of the evening, (3) no one may ask more than one question till opportunity has been given to all others, (4) the discussion period shall not exceed forty minutes. Dr. Martin received his training for lectures that create public discussion at the People's Sunday Theatre meetings in Seattle and at Cooper Union in New York, when in the days of Charles Sprague-Smith Dr. Martin gave a number of courses of Sunday and week day addresses. This experience gave him the idea of establishing similar institutions, and when the edifice of the Ethical Culture Society was completed in 1911 this new type of forum was inaugurated.

The eleventh season opens this Sunday evening at eight o'clock. The subject selected for this year's lecture course is "The World's Great Religions and their Distinctive Messages." The dates and topics are as follows:

January 2nd—The Bibles of the Great Religions (our ultimate sources of information.

January 9th—Hinduism—"Only the Soul is Real; the World is a Shadow."

January 16th—Buddhism—"There is a Path of Escape from this Suffering World to Nirvana."

January 23rd—Zoroastrianism—"Be a soldier in the army of Ormuzd to do battle against Ahriman."

January 30th—Confucianism—Reproduce the calm, unbroken order of Nature.

February 6th—Judaism—Fulfill the Law of Righteousness.

February 13th—Christianity—"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."

February 20th—Mohammedanism—Submit to the omnipotent Allah, the Heavenly Sultan.

February 27th—The World's Great Religions and the Ethical Movement.

At the Sunday evening meetings all seats are free. An organ recital by Mr. Carl Deis will be given each evening at 7:40 p. m. Doors open at 7:20 p. m. The management of the series of meetings is in the hands of a committee of fifteen young men with E. H. Dewson as chairman.

The Community Pulpit

Sermons by
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
and
JOHN HERMAN RANDALL
of the Community Church, New York.

Subscription price, $1.00.

Address, *Secretary*,
61 East 34th Street New York City

Sermons now ready:

1. The Collapse of Civilization: Can Humanity Be Saved? (*Holmes.*)
2. Doors to Be Kept Open. (*Holmes.*)
3. Can We Still Believe in Progress? (*Randall.*)
4. Two Years After the War: The Vindication of Pacifism. (*Holmes.*)
5. The Great Society: How Long Can It Wear Its Old Garments? (*Randall.*)
6. What God Means to Me. (*Holmes.*)

The Blakely-Oswald Printing Co.

PRINTERS and BINDERS

Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK